

# The TATLER

Vol. CLXXIX. No. 2330

and **BYSTANDER**

London  
February 20, 1946



## JAEGER

GO TO YOUR NEAREST JAEGER AGENT  
or write to JAEGER, 204, Regent Street, London, for nearest address

Meet me in  
**FORTNUM'S**

FORTNUM & MASON LIMITED. PICCADILLY

**McVITIE & PRICE**  
*Biscuits of Highest Quality*

EDINBURGH • LONDON • MANCHESTER

Many  
discerning motorists  
have decided to wait  
for the completely new

2½ litre

**LAGONDA**

LAGONDA LIMITED  
STAINES, ENGLAND

**HIGHLAND  
QUEEN**



*Grand Liqueur*  
SCOTCH WHISKY

MACDONALD & MUIR LTD  
LEITH - SCOTLAND

**PRUHT**  
*The Original  
West Indies APERITIF*



ALL CLASSES OF INSURANCE TRANSACTED

**MOTOR UNION INSURANCE COMPANY, LTD.**

10, ST. JAMES'S STREET

LONDON, S.W.1



***T**O give a rhino WRIGHT'S would be  
The height of sheer absurdity:  
With hide like his—as tough as tough,*

*He has no need for perfect stuff.  
WRIGHT'S should be kept in every case  
For those with tender form—or face!*



For over three-quarters of a century Wright's Coal Tar Soap has remained the ideal soap for family use and the favourite for nurseries and schools. Its cleansing and protective properties are also specially appreciated after work, travel and sport.



# Wright's

## Coal Tar Soap

MAKE WRIGHT'S THE RULE FOR THE TOILET AND NURSERY



# THE TATLER

LONDON

FEBRUARY 20, 1946

and BYSTANDER

Postage: Inland 2d. Canada & Newfoundland 1d. Foreign 1½d.

Price:

One Shilling and Sixpence

Vol. CLXXIX. No. 2330.



Gordon Anthony

## Diana Wynyard

Diana Wynyard is appearing in *The Portrait in Black* at Manchester early in March, and after a short tour the play will come to London. This new play is by two American soldiers, Ivan Goss and Ben Roberts, and is a sophisticated melodrama set in San Francisco. Appearing with her are Hugh Williams and Ronald Squire, who is also directing the play; his part in *While the Sun Shines* is now being played by Hugh Wakefield. Miss Wynyard was last seen in Emlyn Williams's *The Wind of Heaven*, in which she gave a most sensitive and beautiful performance as the unhappy widow. Her part in this new production is in complete contrast to any role she has played in recent plays.



## SIMON HARCOURT-SMITH

## PORTRAITS IN PRINT



## What Would You — Nose or Face?

I AM at once cheered and saddened by the fuss over the possibility of Furtwängler's coming here to conduct. Apparently he is in some quarters suspect as a pro-Nazi. He declares that in Germany he has been reviled for an anti-Nazi. Now, according to the papers, he has been arraigned before the Austrian Musicians' Court of Honour to answer the pro-Nazi charges.

The whole question of the past political leanings of ex-enemy musicians is of the most exquisite delicacy. If only for the sake of argument let us assume (I speak quite without any evidence one way or the other) that Furtwängler did knuckle under to an odious regime. In such circumstances, I can entirely understand why people who have violently suffered from the war, should violently object to his presence in England.

And yet—and yet—won't we be cutting off our own noses if we deny ourselves the enjoyment of his tremendous talent? I cannot think of him as pro- or anti-Nazi. After all, a great musician has infinitely more important concerns than politics which, however much they may change our lives, remain an idiotic game for adolescents. And consider how foolish musicians look when they espouse political causes, even the most respectable. Let us remember the mot of Georges Clemenceau at the Versailles Conference when he learned that the Presidency of Poland was held by a Monsieur Paderewski. He asked whether the President was any relation of the sublime pianist. None other but the same person, they told him. "Quelle chute" was Clemenceau's only comment.

FOR my part, I can think only of Furtwängler with the liveliest gratitude, for opening my ears and my senses to the beauties of Schumann's Fourth Symphony. It was at the Queen's Hall, about eleven years ago. The programme, some Brahms, some Beethoven, the Schumann Fourth and some Tchaikovsky, did not at first sight inspire me. One of my greatest regrets is my inability to "hear" what we must loosely term "Romantic" music. From Monteverdi to Mozart I am at home, and again from Moussorgsky onwards to Stravinsky, Britten, Poulenc. But the nineteenth-century giants, particularly the German ones, speak in a language which for the most part I am quite incapable of grasping.

Schumann of course I put into a class slightly apart. Carnival and the Davidsbündler music have enchanted me since childhood, but the symphonies still escape me.

Then I heard Furtwängler's reading of the Fourth, and one of the most extraordinary musical experiences of my life was in progress. Suddenly I could understand everything like a god, everything, that is to say, of that mysterious nineteenth century, so much more remote from us than the world of Titian or of Pope. I could feel the agonies, the world-embracing despair which only a rich and relatively peaceful age could permit itself, I could under-

stand the necessity all tragic heroines were under to die of consumption, the hero's cult of oblivion in the mountains, Baudelaire's diabolism, and the call of the African Unknown.

### It Fades

THE illumination faded as one walked out into the drizzle of Portland Place; but not entirely. Thanks to that one moment of vision, I have ever since been able to hear the music of the last century with a fresh ear. It has not, of course, allowed me to listen either to Brahms or Wagner with the pleasure I envy in so many of my friends, but it has given me the solace of Tchaikovsky—the ideal music, with its tender gaiety and its jaunty pessimism, to compensate in some degree for the disappearance of civilized existence.

Curiously enough, obsessed by that performance of Schumann's Fourth I went to hear Furtwängler conduct it again just before the war. Whether he was out of tune with his orchestra, or whether life in Hitlerian Germany had obscured his vision, the magic was no longer there. The piece remained, as must it in hands so capable, a masterpiece of its sort. But no more! None of that extraordinary, almost over-lifesize magic that I had heard before, a magic which I can only liken to that which one finds in Musset's "A Quoi Révent les Jeunes Filles," or that passage in "Maud" which begins:

"Queen rose of the rosebud garden of girls,  
Come hither, the dances are done.  
In gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls. . ."

### Bernhardt and Rostand . . .

THERE is nothing, I imagine, more selfish than to continue a literary argument in public. For one at least of the contestants the enjoyment is most lively; for my readers, it must at least be doubtful. But I am forced by circumstances to revert to the hoary old rumpus which I unwittingly raised a few weeks ago when I ventured to suggest that the virtues of Rostand's *L'Aiglon* seem nowadays a trifle obscure; and when I wondered whether Sarah Bernhardt would enjoy in these times the success she knew a couple of generations ago.

In the last instalment of the battle, I put on sackcloth, for having said I had seen her play *L'Aiglon* from a bath-chair. An eminent authority upon her great career assured me it could not have been a bath-chair, though it might have been a litter. And since the performance I saw took place when I was a boy, and since the details of Madame Bernhardt's career are by no means my first interest in life, I bowed to superior authority and owned myself wrong.

Now I receive a letter, an excerpt from which I give without comment. The signature is illegible, the address is "Cranston's Waverley Hotel, Southampton Row." As I cannot reply to it, it is here acknowledged with thanks. It says: "Forget the sackcloth. Your 'eminent authority' is wrong. Bernhardt *did* play

*L'Aiglon* from a bath-chair. I saw her myself, during her American tour. Not only was she in a bath-chair, but we saw her wheeled in it. Even the programme explained why she was thus. And called it a bath-chair. Also she sat bolt upright in it, resting her arms on its sides, her lower half wrapped in an ordinary travelling rug. Furthermore, I saw the contraption when I went round backstage to meet one of the company. The chair was identical with those used on the Board Walk at Atlantic City. . . ."

### O Agate, my Agate!

I HAVE also received another amiable but still unappeased letter from our "eminent authority," invoking this time the wrath of his most eminent sister. "Ce monsieur m'agace," she says. "He maintains in his second article that he saw Sarah play 'only parts' of *L'Aiglon* from a sitting position. That again is not true. He saw her play only one part—the death scene. Can't you drive it into the dear fellow's head that Sarah played no scene sitting down which she should have played standing up?"

Well, my reply to that is, I am entirely unconcerned with the details of what parts of *L'Aiglon* Bernhardt played in a sitting posture and what parts she did not. Again, I am quite ready to defer to great authority. But it does not alter my original contention that the sight of her playing in such circumstances, whether bath-chair or litter, whether death scene or more, was to me at least wholly terrifying.

It is not a memory in which I rejoice, I should like to be able to say to my grandchildren, a quarter of a century hence: "Once I saw Sarah Bernhardt act. It was a sublime, unforgettable experience."

I can think only with awe and pleasure of the first time I saw Duse act. It was in *La Donna della Mare*. Nor can I recall without excitement Moisi in the *Lebende Leichnam* (Tolstoy's *Resurrection*). Perhaps neither of these two players ever scaled the heights which Sarah reached in her greatest days. I do not know. But having once experienced such pleasure as Duse's acting gave me, I can entirely understand this passionate defence of Sarah's glory.

THESE days the slightest counter-attack against the general advance towards totalitarianism lifts up my heart. Let us then applaud the courage of the learned judge who roundly condemned in a recent case the granting to Board of Trade officials of search warrants, permitting them abominably wide powers of domiciliary search where they suspect contravention of war-time trading restrictions. When a learned judge in a case like this shows the independence of mind to go against the whole ideological trend of his age, to remember what Liberty, rather than Democracy, used to mean in men's lives, I thank God for English law.



## Picture of the Week



Mr. and Mrs. Winston Churchill, with Colonel Frank Clarke, walking from their car in Miami to board a plane for Havana. Waiting crowds cheered them when their plane landed. They lunched at the British Legation with the Minister of State and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Dodds, and afterwards went on a tour of Cuba to the places that Mr. Churchill remembered from his previous visit at the time of the Spanish-American War. All Havana turned out, lining the roads, crowding the balconies and roof-tops to cheer the Churchills as they drove by. Later, at a Press conference which Mr. Churchill held at the National Hotel, the crush of people eager to see him was so great that the journalists for whom the conference had been called were pushed back against the walls and unable to get near him. Some days later while he was sunning himself on a private beach, a rumour went round a crowd of spectators at a baseball game some miles away that he was present. Thirty thousand onlookers rose to their feet, and clapping and cheering, stopped the game. It was some time before officials realized that the figure in one of the top stands smoking a cigar and making the V-sign, was hoaxing the crowd. While he was in Washington, Mr. Churchill spent over an hour and a half talking to President Truman, but both he and the President refused to reveal the subject of their talks. When Mr. and Mrs. Churchill go to New York on March 15 they will be given a civic reception



# James Agate

## AT THE PICTURES



Firth Shephard gave a luncheon at Claridge's to celebrate the final weeks of "Arsenic and Old Lace," which closes on March 2, and to inaugurate two new plays, "Fifty-Fifty" (Harry Green) and "Stage Door" (Patricia Burke). These photographs were taken at the luncheon. Readers who wonder what Mr. Beverley Baxter, M.P. (Wood Green) is about to do to Mr. James Agate must remain in comparative ignorance, for all our distinguished contributor could say when shown the picture was, "Bless my heart, and soul!"



Firth Shephard and Mr. and Mrs. Harry Green

LAST week I described what the old films at the Curzon used to be like by showing what they were *not* like. Now comes the management to tell us that all the films are to be French, and that presently we are to have something about Berlioz and his *Symphonie Fantastique*. Well, I remember a film about Beethoven who, in contradiction to received medical opinion, contracted deafness through listening to the voice of Nature in a thunderstorm. However, it didn't really matter because throughout the rest of the film that great actor, Harry Bauer, was busy composing the "Moonlight" sonata, and a deaf man can listen to moonlight as well as one whose hearing is perfect.

But I am more hopeful about the Berlioz picture, since I hold that in the last few years the French film fantasticates better than it did. Now, in view of the French programme, think of the lovely things we are *not* going to get. No Hollywood star or starlet. No British bread-and-butter Miss explaining to James Mason or Stewart Granger in a modern West Kensington accent that she is Defoe's Moll Flanders. No cinema organist alternating Jerome Kern's *All the Things You Are* with Handel's *Largo*. No. We look forward to sophisticated films.

I SHALL try to give the reader some idea of *Love Eternal*, the film with which the Curzon has in fact opened, by telling him what that picture is not like. Among the lesser-known *Contes Cruels* of Villiers de L'Isle-Adam is one entitled *Virginie et Paul*. This begins with a hymn to First Love. Meredith's *A Diversion Played On a Penny-Whistle* turned into the libretto for an opera. The composer? Massenet, of course. Here, secluded from vexed shores, the prince and princess of the island meet: here like darkling nightingales they sit, and into eyes and ears and hands pour endless ever-fresh treasures of their souls. Il fait une nuit d'avril, claire, bleue et profonde. Les étoiles semblent d'argent. Les vagues du vent, faibles, ont passé sur les jeunes roses; les feuillages bruissent, le jet d'eau retombe neigeux, au bout de cette grande allée d'acacias. Au milieu du grand silence, un rossignol, âme de la nuit, fait scintiller une pluie de notes magiques. And then the Passer-by, unintentional eavesdropper, overhears the amorous exchanges of the Frenchman's two fifteen-year-olds. Paul tells Virginie that he is to be a lawyer because lawyers make a lot of money. Virginie reminds herself to send her great-aunt a birthday-card since the old hag has a lot of money to leave. When they are married they will be able to live in the country because part of Virginie's *dot* is a little farm which, small though it is, brings in a lot of money. Shooting, too. Paul says that if the shooting is good that saves a lot of money at the butcher's. Always under the argent moon the abominable word *argent*. Pendant que j'écoutais, ravi, le bruit céleste d'un baiser, les deux anges se sont enfuis; l'écho attardé des ruines vaguement répétait: "... De l'argent! Un peu d'argent!"

THIS is the kind of story that Jean Cocteau, author of *Les Parents Terribles*, might have been expected to give us. But no. *Love Eternal* turns out to be the stuff of grand opera laid out for a modern Wagner. A handsome young hero who rescues an exquisite young woman from filthy clutches. A boat complete with that

rigging from which Wagnerian heroines declaim. A journey on palfrey-back up a flowery mead with a slope of 1 in 4 till the castle is reached in which resides Natalie's destined husband. Since it is a rule of opera that the hero must be an idiot doubled with an imbecile, Patrice is behaving strictly in accordance with tradition when he proposes that Natalie should become the bride of his uncle who is a widower.

Natalie asks whether they aren't rather an odd lot, "they" being the in-laws which include an elderly maniac and a dwarf. "You'll soon get used to them," says Patrice. But now the dwarf, thinking to poison hero and heroine, pours into their wine a love-potion. If anybody had told me, before going to the Curzon, that after two world wars I would be considerably moved by a re-hash of opera's most unbelievable twaddle I should have laughed aloud. Even at the unseemly hour of ten-fifteen on a cold February morning. But so it was. And I attribute this emotion entirely to the sweep and passion of Jean Marais's acting during the last twenty minutes. Madeleine Sologne? I couldn't help reflecting that one timely slap would have saved all the trouble. But then I don't believe in maidens engaged to drunken and vile-smelling fishermen wandering about in all the blanch'd pulchritude of a calendar full of mediaeval saints.

IN the meantime may I suggest to the Curzon cinema that it should keep an eye on its Synopsis? "Natalie is very ill but a great passion gives her strength to go to the man she loves. She dies beside her lover's bed, as Patrice passes into eternity dreaming that they are laying on an upturned boat with the dog, Moulouk, at their feet, 'like the stone figures in the cathedrals...'" What, pray, are Patrice and Natalie laying? Eggs?

THE intensest scrutiny of which I am capable has not succeeded in revealing the name of the author of *Night Boat to Dublin* (Empire). This is all about a Swedish scientist brought over by the British Government to work on the atom bomb. He has disappeared and is presumed dead. The film goes on to tell us that prior to this the Germans have tried to kidnap the professor at Stockholm. This is where disbelief sets in. When Germans try to do this kind of thing they succeed. And then a German agent is arrested at Holyhead and found to have in his possession a document proving that the professor is very much alive. Again I can't believe. Enemy agents arrested at Holyhead don't have incriminating documents in their possession.

At this point Paul Faber, the highly respectable company-promoter, turns up. He has an office in London and, of course, is another German agent. Nothing easier than for the British Intelligence to get Faber to employ one of their men as a clerk. And to this clerk Faber spills all the German beans. But then Faber is an ass who wouldn't see anything odd in a man standing on his head outside a pillar-box and posting a letter with his boots! The bogus clerk reeks of the Secret Service. What is the scent like? Why, damp burbery, of course. Hereabouts I fell asleep and woke up to hear my old friend Mervyn MacPherson asking us all in dulcet tones not to mention this film until the week before Easter. With pleasure.





*Joan Bennett as Kitty Marsh*

## Crime and Punishment The Theme of "Scarlet Street"

● Joan Bennett, as Kitty, plays the most lurid role of her career in *Scarlet Street*, and is certainly a bad woman with little to redeem her faults. Playing opposite her as her equally unscrupulous boy friend, Johnny, is Dan Duryea, and the two of them use the unsuspecting Christopher Cross (Edward G. Robinson) mercilessly for their own ends. Kitty is murdered by Christopher when he discovers how she has deceived him. But it is Johnny, however, who is convicted of homicide and executed. Christopher, once a respectable cashier in a large New York firm and happily married, has also been stealing money from the company for Kitty's demands, and after her death he degenerates into a half-crazed poverty-stricken old man. The film is based on a French novel called *La Chienne*



*Dan Duryea as Johnny*



Right: Inspector Mullens (Cecil Ramage), a past-master in the art of urbane cross-examination, Steffy Millington (Ellen Pollock), heroine of the melodrama, and Bill Millington (Mackenzie Ward), an indignant husband



Left: Vera Kurton (Marjorie Mars), a woman with an unfortunate passion for gambling, tries to touch her husband, Jack Kurton (John Oxford), for some hard cash

"The Third Visitor"

## The Theatre

"Mr. Bowling Buys a Newspaper" (Embassy)



"Mr. Bowling Buys a Newspaper"

(Above) Lena (Carol Coombe) gets some rough treatment from the murderer's experienced hands; (below) Alice, the maid (Irene Handl), is disbelieving when Mr. Bowling (Anthony Hawtrey) tells her how he committed the murders



At the small hotel in Kensington where the debonair Mr. Bowling is the darling of the spinsters and knitters, it is positively dangerous to be an elderly gentleman. For if you are elderly and perhaps a bore or a bit of a nuisance, even if you are only a nonentity, Mr. Bowling on his way into dinner, may pass his long steely fingers over your mouth and nostrils and toss your lifeless body on to the sofa.

You will seem to the police and coroners of Kensington to have died of heart failure, and when the inquest is over, Mr. Bowling will stroll into the lounge with a batch of evening papers and amuse the ladies with the fantastic assertion that he has suffocated you because you were a bore or a nuisance or a nonentity or something equally deserving of death.

When this has happened three or four times the police superintendent begins to think that it is all rather strange. He can do nothing about it until he has established a motive. Still, as he remarks with confidence, long as is the arm of coincidence, the arm of the law is longer. All will come well in the end—for those who live so long.

This policy of laissez-faire may be hard on guests whose turn to be suffocated is yet to come: it is harder still on the murderer. He is tired of life, but has a Hamlet-like distaste for simple suicide. Before he goes he wants to hit the headlines and disappear in a blaze of notoriety. It is intolerable that the police by their stupidity should thus prolong his agony. And then, inevitably, he meets a good woman and loses his disgust for life. But the silly policeman gets him at last for a death which was in fact accidental, and we leave him at the piano crashing out discords and shouting madly.

THE Mr. Bowling of the novel is perhaps an entirely credible and pathetic figure, but on the stage his mental derangement is not described, with the result that he is either comic, as the ladies of *Arsenic and Old Lace* are comic, or incredible. When we are asked to believe that he may be redeemed by love, our

sympathies go out not to him but to his innocent victims, and we comfort ourselves by reflecting that they could not possibly have died as the play has pretended they did. But we can enjoy a play of this sort without believing in it. The hotel setting is both life-like and amusing, and the seedy bores, nuisances, nonentities, spinsters and knitters are delightfully presented, with Miss Jean Forbes-Robertson as the quintessence of embittered spinsterhood, Miss Irene Handl as the slatternly maid who is hysterically equal to every occasion, grave or gay, and the elderly geese nicely contrasted by Mr. Aubrey Dexter, Mr. Trevor Ward and Mr. Tom Macaulay. And Mr. Anthony Hawtrey succeeds in giving Mr. Bowling a certain fantastic amiability.

"The Third Visitor" (Granville)

HERE is another thriller which most engagingly defies belief. Its first act is effective melodrama, the mannered scoundrel of Mr. Michael Golden going down with the curtain under a heavy silver candlestick with sharp edges. In the second act suspicion is liberally sprinkled over a group of men and women who mostly belong to light drawing-room comedy, with Miss Ellen Pollock, Miss Marjorie Mars and Mr. Mackenzie Ward only just managing to keep up humorously nonchalant appearances under the courteous cross-examination of Mr. Cecil Ramage, one of the Yard's most polished ornaments. In the third there is a "surprise" to introduce a playlet which might almost stand on its own legs, a melodrama of steadily growing intensity.

The author may be accused of not playing fair, attaining his surprise only by dropping his curtain a moment too soon. Perhaps all is fair in thriller writing as in love, and Mr. Gerald Anstruther, whether driving his melodrama in style or passing the time with social comedy, certainly keeps the stage alive. Still, the audience is entitled to at least one tip. Miss Pollock's left arm needs to be carefully watched from first to last.

ANTHONY COOKMAN



## "Golden Eagle"

By Clifford Bax

With Claire Luce as Mary Stuart,  
Queen of Scotland

● Clifford Bax is the latest dramatist to present the legendary figure of Mary Queen of Scots once more on the stage, and Claire Luce makes a both beautiful and regal queen. The production is a colourful one, and there are many fine performances, most notably that of Torin Thatcher as Bothwell, Arthur Wontner as Lethington, David Read as Darnley and John Byron as Rizzio, who sings some charming period songs specially set by Sir Arnold Bax

Photographs by Swarbrick



Claire Luce as Mary Queen of Scots



Mary's cousin, Henry Lord Darnley (David Read), a conceited fop, tells Mary that he loves her. He is ambitious and wants to marry a queen



Mary hears the explosion which she knows must have killed her husband Darnley. With her are Mary Carmichael (Ann Farrer) and Mary Beaton (Mary Honer), and Bothwell (Torin Thatcher)





The Hon. and Mrs. Benjamin Bathurst.  
Mr. Bathurst is the elder son and heir of  
Viscount Bledisloe



Princess Anna Boncompagni. The Princess is a  
ski-ing friend of Miss Sheena Mackintosh, daughter  
of Lady Jean Mackintosh



Mrs. Vivian Warren Pearl, daughter-in-  
law of Mrs. Warren Pearl, at the start of the  
Opal run

## JENNIFER WRITES HER SOCIAL JOURNAL

### PALACE PARTY

THEIR MAJESTIES' evening party at Buckingham Palace for the United Nations delegates was the completely and highly successful affair it so well deserved to be, for much preparation and careful planning went to its organisation. As a result, whatever their differences of opinion at the conference tables, the men and women who between them represent fifty-one nations of the world, reached the closing stages of their first deliberations in an atmosphere of great personal goodwill and friendliness.

The King and Queen, who had advanced their return from Norfolk by three days to give the party, because of the possibility of an earlier end to the Assembly meeting, received the guests in the Household Drawing Room. Lord Clarendon, the Lord Chamberlain, presented them in turn, as they passed from the Bow Salon through the Royal reception room, and so into the Grand Hall, where long tables were set with refreshments.

With the King, who wore naval uniform, and the Queen, who was in a charming gown of white, with a small tiara of diamonds, were Queen Mary, Princess Elizabeth, Princess Margaret, the Princess Royal and the Duchess of Kent. Both the younger Princesses were in white, Princess Elizabeth's gown sprinkled with tiny stars of blue. Queen Mary wore black velvet, with a magnificent collar of diamonds. The Princess Royal, in rose pink, had on a diamond tiara, and the Duchess of Kent was in black.

Mr. and Mrs. Attlee, the Duke of Norfolk, Lord Cromer—who has not been seen at Court for many a long day—Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Bevin, Sir John Anderson, Sir Alan I. Selles, Baron de Cartier de Marchienne, the Belgian Ambassador, who headed the line of those to be greeted by the King and Queen, Mr. John Winant, the U.S. Ambassador, who had a long talk with Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret, Sir John Monck, the monocled, impeccably-dressed Marshal of the Diplomatic Corps,

Field-Marshal Lord Alexander, Admiral of the Fleet Lord Cunningham, and M. Massigli, the French Ambassador, were a few of the outstanding personalities present.

Among the Conference guests, the Emir Feisal was a commanding figure in his white robes and headdress. M. Vyshinsky, smiling and friendly, with his attractive, Titian-haired daughter, and Mrs. Roosevelt, who had earlier lunched with the King and Queen, were much sought-after in the crush round the buffet tables, where champagne from the Royal cellars was served.

Many people were congratulating Mr. Ernest Bevin on his firm handling of the British case before the U.N.O. Security Council.

The Dowager Countess of Amptill was in attendance on Queen Mary, and Lady Hyde in waiting on the Queen. A newcomer to Court circles, Lieut. Peter Ashmore, R.N., who has just been appointed Equerry, was among those in attendance on His Majesty.

### IN BOND STREET

ALREADY the West End is filling again, and there is a spring-like feeling in the air that tempts many people to take a morning stroll down Bond Street. Lord Claud Hamilton, Comptroller to Queen Mary, was one walker I met, and lunching out later, I saw the Duchess of Norfolk lunching with friends.

The Hon. David Bowes-Lyon, Her Majesty's brother, and Lord Margesson were among other lunchers-out.

### SUCCESSFUL YOUNG CHAIRMAN

MAKING her debut as chairman of a charity matinee, Lady (Anthony) Meyer made a short speech at the end of the performance of *The First Gentleman*, given in aid of the Help Holland Fund. She thanked everyone present and those who were unable to attend, for their kind help and support in helping her to raise the splendid total of £850. In addition to this sum, many gifts of clothing were also received at the theatre by Dutch W.R.N.S., who

took charge of them for immediate shipment to Holland.

Many of Lady Meyer's young friends rallied round her as programme sellers: these included Lady Margaret Dawnay, Miss Sarah Dashwood, Lady Rupert Nevill, the Hon. Elizabeth Somers-Cocks, Miss Iris Peake, Lady Elizabeth Clyde, Mrs. Ronald Leese and Mrs. Richard Westmacott.

Among the audience was Mme. Michiels van Verduynen, wife of the Netherlands Ambassador, who had Mme. van Kleffens, wife of the Netherlands Foreign Minister, and the Hon. Mrs. Arthur Strutt in her box.

The Marchioness of Lothian was at the matinee, and so were Sir Anthony Meyer, Captain the Hon. Nigel Bruce, younger son of Lord and Lady Aberdare, Captain the Hon. John and Mrs. Ashley-Cooper, Baroness de Linden, Viscountess Errington, looking extremely pretty, Lady Chesham, Lady Carrington, Pamela Lady Glenconner, Lady Rosemary Hills, Lady Anne Wake-Walker, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Knight, Lady Penelope van der Woude, Mrs. Peter Townsend, Sir Torquil and Lady Munro, Viscountess Morpeth and Lady Gloria Fisher.

### MME. MASSIGLI'S PARTIES

MME. MASSIGLI, the tall and elegant wife of the French Ambassador, has started giving afternoon parties which are a very pleasant mixture of tea and cocktails, beginning as they do at five and going on until seven.

The other day she received many friends at Lowndes House with her husband. Mme. Roche, wearing a most attractive four-row necklace of large silver beads, was helping the host and hostess to hand round tea and drinks.

I saw Lady Theo Cadogan chatting with friends, wearing a toreador-style hat in black and red.

As it was a cold and wet day, it was not surprising to see many mink coats. Among those wearing them were Mrs. James Corrigan and Mme. De Aragao.





Mrs. Trapani, whose home is in London, photographed at the foot of one of the St. Moritz slopes



Miss Alice Dodd with a friend. Miss Dodd, herself an excellent skier, is the sister of the outstanding skiers Major A. P. Dodd and Capt. W. E. Dodd

Sir George and Lady Franckenstein came together. She was very proud that she can now drive her big Studebaker herself backwards and forwards from their home at Sunningdale. Sir Robert and Lady Bird were speaking excellent French. Others I met were the Hon. Lady Bingham with Mrs. Soames, Kathleen Lady Drogheda, Lady Dalrymple-Champneys and Sir Geoffrey and Lady Shakespeare.

#### ANGLO-MEXICAN PARTY

HIS EXCELLENCY the Mexican Ambassador was guest of honour, with delegates and other members of the Mexican Delegation to U.N.O., at a reception held by the British Mexican Society recently.

Sir Thomas Cook received the guests with the Mexican Ambassador and Mme. de Rosenzweig Diaz, who was wearing one of the fashionable plumed hats. Lady Cook was not able to be present, as she was unfortunately suffering from measles, which she had caught from her young son.

There were many members of the Diplomatic Corps at the reception, and others there were Viscount and Viscountess Davidson, Sir Gifford and Lady Fox, Mrs. Eveleigh Nash, Lady Goold-Adams, Sir Weldon Dalrymple-Champneys, Lady Cohen, Sir Clive and Lady Liddell, Lady Hawke and Sir Ernest and Lady Graham-Little.

#### SHORT VISIT

MME. JEAN HUET, looking attractive in black, received the guests at a charming party given for Mme. Françoise Rosay on the eve of her return to Paris. Mme. Rosay had been over here for the premiere of the film *Une Femme Disparait*, in which she gives such a fine performance. This gifted French stage and film star, who speaks perfect English, told me she hadn't had nearly enough time to see her friends this side of the Channel. Her visit had had to be short, as she was soon going to Brussels for several weeks in *Le Séducteur*, the play she has been starring in in Paris. After that she hopes to start on a new film. Among those who came to the party to meet her were Lady Louis Mountbatten, wearing her Red Cross uniform. She had come straight on from Queen Mary Hall, headquarters of the Y.W.C.A., where she had been speaking on Y.W.C.A. service in the Far East at a reception given by Lady Proctor and Lady (Malcolm) Robertson. Wearing a little scarlet hat with her black coat, Lady Ashley was meeting many friends. She told me she is soon going over to France again.



Miss Vera Scott at the Beginning of a Run



# New Portrait Study of Princess Elizabeth Taken at the Palace







*Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret*

*Cecil Beaton*

The Princesses at the bottom of the staircase which leads to their own apartments in the Palace. Princess Elizabeth is wearing a printed flowered chiffon dress with a white ground, while Princess Margaret's frock is in pale shell pink. Princess Elizabeth will be twenty in April, and Princess Margaret sixteen in August





Mr. Peter Pattinson, Mr. J. C. Creg, Mr. D. Ilett, Hon. Secretary; Mr. Lyon Smith, Vice-President; Miss E. Rawlinson, Mr. J. G. Lowe, Mr. S. T. Erboy, Mr. M. R. Bishop, Miss R. P. Crofts, Miss B. Travers-Clarke, Mr. B. Webb, Chairman of the University Conservative Federation, and Mr. A. S. Rogers

## Ball at Cambridge

Members of the Cambridge University  
Conservative Association Photographed  
at the Dorothy Ballroom, Cambridge



Mr. G. W. Kingdon and Miss Ellinger



Miss E. Dent and Mr. G.  
Harvey-Evers



Mr. Van Raalte and Mrs. Nigel  
Bicknell





Miss Hazel Kennaway and Mr. Martin  
Bolton



Mr. Robert Stratton and Miss Veronica  
Lambert



Lord Garnock and Miss Maureen  
Miller



Mr. S. T. Erboy, Miss Rosemary Crofts, Mr. M. R. Bishop, Miss Maureen Miller,  
Mr. A. T. Geikie-Cobb and Miss Pamela Fenton



Mr. Granger Boston, Miss Cynthia Mason, Mr. Godfrey Carter and Miss Susan  
Clarke



Mr. Wheeler, Mr. A. S. Rogers, Mr. B. Webb, Miss Benson  
and Miss Derby



# PRISCILLA

in

# PARIS

“L'État Donnera  
L'Exemple”



Michele Morgan, the French film-star, is in Lausanne in aid of the French Relief Fund. She will tour Switzerland in aid of the French Relief Fund. She arrived in Switzerland on the Orient Express, which service has only recently been restored



Mme. Suzy Prim, who is to star in the new revue at the Folies Bergère this spring. At the moment she is playing in the French version of "Fallen Angels"

February 5th, 1946.

ONE of the results of the strike in the printing world was that when the papers appeared again, they did so—for one wonderful day—in the old, familiar, four-page shape. It was quite thrilling to have to stretch one's arms to open them. During the strike the clandestine Press worked overtime, same-like during Occupation. Small, flimsy sheets appeared giving the essential news anent the formation of the new Cabinet. They were snatched up at once, and many were the fights that took place between the "scabs" and the strikers, while the men in blue wielded their white clubs and indiscriminately cracked the skull of whoever happened to be nearest. Quite an exciting week, in fact.

I had three shocks in the free-for-all scramble that is the Paris Metro. The first was when the ticket-puncher actually said "*Merçi, Madame,*" after having politely perforated my slip of salmon-pink paper; the other was when a man jostled me quite lightly and yet turned round with a pleasant "*Pardon, Madame*"; and the third when a young man got up and gave me his seat. Maybe I'm beginning to show my age. Horrid thought. I shall have to enquire the current prices of face-lifting.

AFTER the first, fine, careless splendour of a four-page edition, the papers have, of course, gone back to the restricted, mingy, single sheets to which we have become inured. But why do they waste the space that ought to be so precious used, with shrieking headlines? Yesterday one of them appeared with the following (printed in two-inch-tall letters): "*L'État donnera l'exemple,*" and it was also stated that "Heroic measures are necessary, and the Government will take them." Exactly; the Government will "take 'em" and we, poor boobs, will "give 'em."

So far, we have not noticed any suggestion that *ces messieurs* will take anything off the extra 10,000 frs. a month they voted for themselves a few weeks ago, and meanwhile we have to pay through the nose for everything we get and even more for what we don't. *Décidément*, I have a nasty, cavilling, ungenerous nature.

IN reality, I am not quite so downhearted as these remarks may suggest. President Gouin is a great person. *Bravè et honnête*, in the French sense of the words. He is also a lifelong friend of M. Léon Blum. Being more at home

in the theatrical world than any other, I used to see a good deal of Léon Blum when he was dramatic critic—of a certain austerity—to the theatrical weekly, *Comœdia*, which disappeared with Occupation and is now replaced by *Opéra*. His first wife became a great invalid towards the end of her life, and I remember the tender care with which he used to bring her, when she already found walking a great difficulty, to their seats at the Comédie Française, where the *répétition générale* always takes place in the afternoon.

He was then forty-ish, I imagine, and a very charming and delightful personality, sincere and direct in all he did, and it is comforting to think that he now stands, with his good sense and honesty, very close to President Gouin in these troublous times. May the Fates enable these old friends to keep the ———, ———, members of the Constituante, in order! (I have preferred to leave blanks for the adjectives, not being quite sure what does, or does not, constitute libel.)

There are an amazing number of English and American plays in Paris just now. The *Flashing Stream* is still playing to crowded houses after a year's run, and a second company is touring the provinces. Priestley's *Dangerous Corner* has passed the 400th performance-mark. *Arsenic and Old Lace* (a success I still don't understand) has had a continuous run, first at the Athénée and then at the Théâtre de Paris, from where it is now moving to the Marigny, as Léon Volterra is producing Miss Daphne du Maurier's *Rebecca* at the Paris. *Murder in the Cathedral* ran at the Vieux Colombier for months, and is now being revived there as a stop-gap after a recent "flop." *Fallen Angels* is at the Potinière, *Candida* at the Comédie des Champs Élysées, and *Ladies in Retirement* at the Théâtre de l'Humour.

This week we have had the *premieres* of *The Night of January 16th*, an extremely poor translation of an extremely poor copy of *The Trial of Mary Duggan*, at the Apollo, and an interesting adaptation, by Marcel Achard, of Maxwell Anderson's *Winterset*. Mme. Blanche Montel, who has left the stage and has become a highly successful agent for players and producers, tells me that several more British successes are booked for the near future; while there is talk of *Un Don Juan*—M. Aucouturier's dramatic comedy—and Pierre Brive's *Famille Scheherazade* being produced in London. *Un échange de bons procédés*! Same-like the philums.

There are more than twenty film theatres in Paris alone which show only British or American pictures, and these are in English—not French synchronised versions—and do not include the troop theatres, where the more recent productions are shown—productions that will not be seen by the French public for some time.

At the Marignan there was great disgust over the *Dolly Sisters*, not as a "picture" but as a "biography." As a travelled G.I., who knew his pre-war Paris as well as he knew the Dollys, remarked to me: "It might have been 'The Anybody Sisters.'" Jennie and Rosie were brunettes, never wore their straight, dark hair in any other coiffure than a short, straight "bob," with a square fringe that reached their eyebrows. Also, something might have been said about their extraordinary generosity and kindness to innumerable needy friends, not forgetting the two children they adopted (indeed, shall I ever forget the wonderful Christmas party they gave for them at their house near Fontainebleau in 1931?) . . . but then, homely virtues are rarely attributed to stars on the screen.

*Voilà!*

● One of the new Ministers of the French Cabinet is in the habit of "seeing to things" for himself. He is also an early riser. One morning he decided to make an unannounced tour of inspection of the offices his Ministry controls. To his indignation, he found that, at nine o'clock, only a few *rédateurs* had arrived, and it was nearly ten before everyone turned up—with the exception of the Chef de Bureau, who dropped in at 11.30, signed a few documents, and was away again by midday. Next morning, notices calling the staff to order, in stiff but elaborate terms, were displayed all over the building, and a new chief appeared on the scene. This recalls a similar incident in the life of Georges Clemenceau when he was Home Secretary, but the notice he signed was the reverse of elaborate. It simply said: "MM. les *rédateurs* are requested not to leave before they arrive!"





Mme. Françoise Rosay came especially over from France to attend the premiere of "Une Femme Disparait," in which this great French actress has given yet another unforgettable performance. In the picture she plays four parts, that of a famous actress, a peasant woman, a schoolmistress and a gypsy



H.E. the French Ambassador in London and Mme. Massigli



M. and Mme. Jean Huot. The Premiere was held in aid of the "Save the Children Fund" and French charities

## Gala Premiere for French Film

"Une Femme Disparait," with Françoise Rosay  
 at the Academy Cinema



Mrs. Attlee, the wife of the Prime Minister, with one of her three daughters, Miss Felicity Attlee



Lady Dashwood, the Canadian-born wife of Sir John Lindsay Dashwood, who is the Premier Baronet of Great Britain



# MOIRA SHEARER



## SADLER'S WELLS BALLET SEASON

● *Moira Shearer* is one of the most outstanding younger stars of the Ballet Season by the Sadler's Wells. She has style, grace, dramatic ability and a dynamic personality. Her greatest chance to show her technical ability will be given her this season when she is dancing the Princess Aurora for matinees at Covent Garden, having a third share in the part with Margot Fonteyn and Pamela May. She will also play a leading role with Margot Fonteyn and Pamela May in Frederick Ashton's new Symphonic Variations ballet in March.

● *Alexis Rassine* is a naturalised South African of Polish parents. He spent several years training in South Africa and Paris, from where he joined the Anglo-Polish Ballet as their leading classical dancer. He has been with the Wells since 1942. He will dance the Bluebird with the young guest artist, Vera Prohorova, from the Soviet Ballet, during the present season. Rassine will be well remembered for his dancing as Spectre, Albrecht in *Giselle*, Sylphides and the Bluebird.

Photographs by Gordon Anthony



# ALEXIS RASSINE







*Lord and Lady Dunglass and Their Family*

## Lord Dunglass and His Wife and Family

● Lord Dunglass is the eldest son and heir of the Earl of Home. A keen politician, Lord Dunglass was M.P. for the Lanark Division of Lanarkshire from 1931 until the recent General Election, and was Parliamentary Private Secretary to the Prime Minister in 1937. His wife is a daughter of the Very Rev. Cyril Argentine Alington, D.D., Dean of Durham, and they have one son, David, who was two last November, and three daughters, Caroline, Meriel and Diana. These photographs were taken at Lord Dunglass's country home, Springhill, Coldstream, Berwickshire

*Photographs by Clapperton, Selkirk*



*The Hon. David Douglas-Home*



*The Hon. Caroline, the Hon. Meriel and the Hon. Diana Douglas-Home*



By "Sabretache"

# PICTURES IN THE FIRE

## Dual Personality

THE misfortune of being Ernest will have impressed itself upon everyone who has listened to some recent pronouncements of our United Friends. One of them has likened our hardy Foreign Secretary to Lord Byron, and another has said that he is a reincarnation of Lord Curzon! Was ever such a problem in schizophrenia presented to mortal man! Byron, a goulash of Childe Harold and Don Juan, with a seasoning of The Giaour; the ex-Viceroy, the very pink of propriety, a bowdlerised expression of Akbar the Great. At only one point would these two very dissimilar personalities seem to have touched: their primitive ideas as to riding attire. This is the rig which, according to Lady Blessington, the Poet affected when he used to hunt with the Royal Buckhounds: "A short-waisted nankeen jacket, much shrunk and very narrow at the back, embroidered with three rows of buttons, nankeen gaiters, a black, very narrow stock, and a dark-blue velvet cap with rich gold braid and a tassel—and blue specs." Who that saw Lord Curzon in a plum-coloured riding ensemble, Jodhpur breeches and a morning coat, at the Beresford Polo Cup Final at Annandale, a bosky dell just below Simla, will have been able to forget the occurrence? This sartorial bullition was all the more noticeable because most of the rest of the concourse, mainly rude and rugged soldiers, who did not like His Excellency very much, was *point de vice* in its riding equipment. How Mr. Ernest Bevin, even with this aid, can be expected to produce a drinkable cocktail of these two eminences is a problem that might cause even his stout cart to quail.

## 2. Tip from Ireland

THE Broth of a Boy," the *nom de course* adopted by an amusing creature who lives in the Meath country, and whom I happened to meet when those celebrated hounds pulled down a good fox not far from Brian Boru's former hunting-box, wrote to me after running his lynx-eye over the Grand National weights, that once again does he tell me not to let Callaly run loose. He bases his advice upon not only the 1945 I.G.N. form, when this horse gave Heirdom 7 lb., and maybe was unlucky not to beat him, but also on the way he saw him run in the New Year Steeplechase at Baldoyle this year, when he ran second to Smiling Marcus (getting 2 st. 1 lb.) and beat Knight's Crest, the 1944 I.G.N. winner, a length and a half, giving him 16 lb. in heavy going. At Aintree, Callaly has to carry 11 st.; Heirdom (1945 winner) 10 st. 10 lb., and Knight's Crest 10 st. 3 lb., and this Dublin Daniel says that he will knock the skylights out of both of them wherever they finish. I think I might have been able to do that little sum for myself—but I have not seen this horse, and he has. He assures me that you could not pull him down with a rope, and that the longer the road the better he will like it.

This is all very-encouraging and, as in duty bound, I pass it on for whatever it may be worth. I suppose at the moment we ought to be able to get about 20 to 1 about Callaly; but I am not giving any advice either way. I am fully persuaded that he is a good-class horse.

## Some Others

As to some others, my Irish sleuth says that he shares the doubt about Prince Regent staying the long journey with top weight, and at the same time he scoffs at the criticism of our handicapper because he has given him 2 lb. less than the Irish official. He says that "there isn't a pig's whisper of a difference," and that the thing we ought to bear in mind is that this very gallant horse has been carrying these bumper weights for such a long time, and consider whether they have not knocked

something out of him. He says that he thinks Prince Blackthorn too good to risk until he gets his nerve back again, and wants to know what I personally thought of the Windsor mishap. I have preferred to answer that one by letter. I agree that it does look as if this nice horse has lost all confidence for the moment, and that Lord Bicester was quite right to take him out. I have not seen one that more fills the eye.

## However

My Irish friend was present when one of his compatriots, who had drink taken, was telling the Sassenach all about the joys of hunting in Meath, where all the ditches are said to be lined with the bones of Englishmen who have tried to gallop over that attractive grass. I seem to remember his opening his Rubáiyát by asking, "Wasn't I out with the dogs last Chewsdays," and then proceeding (just by way of putting heart into the stranger), didn't he see the little brown horse "turn over on poor Captain Slattery—and his skull crackin' like a nut, and the brains pourin' out of the eyes of him like butter, and Captain O'Malley down on top of him with his leg broke in three places, and the doctors give 'um a smell of the clorryform and killed 'um stone dead—and he the son of a Duke's Ant—no less."

And it was when he stopped to catch his wind, that my friend "The Broth of a Boy" nudged me and directed attention to the two "corpses" sitting at the next table in the hotel lounge drinking dry Martinis!

## From Hindustan

ANOTHER friend in Ireland (P. U. Allen, Boyne Hill, Navan) writes:

I wonder whether the following story will amuse you: On returning from furlough in 1903 I was posted to the Budaon District lying between Bareilly and the Ganges. There had been an interregnum of ten days or so, and "Tommy" Edwards, who was Joint Magistrate, was carrying on. Edwards, who was known as "The Marquess," was an exquisite, very good-looking and well-off. He used to allow his bearer a pint of champagne a month to put a special polish on his white felt *topi* of the kind worn those days. He won the Kadir on Outcaste in the late 'nineties.

While Edwards was acting, a letter arrived from an old retired colonel from Jersey, saying that when marching through Budaon in the Mutiny days, he had bathed in the swimming-bath there and clambering on to the skylight had dived down from it into the bath, a difficult thing to do, and he would much like to know whether anyone had done so since. One can well imagine his telling the story at the Jersey Club among his cronies. Actually that swimming-bath was, by then, a ruin with no legend attached to it. Edwards had drafted his reply: "Dear Sir, Your letter was duly received by the Collector, As far as he could ascertain no one had ever repeated your performance; but he was fired with an ambition to follow your example. We buried him yesterday. Yours faithfully, JOINT MAGISTRATE."

My arrival coincided with a visit from our very senior Commissioner, Mr. A. W. Cruickshank, who had won the Cawnpore Ganges Cup at a time which seemed even then prehistoric, and was the composer of the famous pig-sticking song "Over the Valley, Over the Level," with its haunting tune. As Edwards read out the letter and his answer to it, Cruickshank added, quick as lightning, a postscript: "Like you, he is lying still."

I don't think the reply was ever sent. But it was a curious coincidence this meeting of three keen pigstickers. I cannot claim to have won the Kadir, but I rode in it on various occasions between 1893 and 1901, by which last date I was quite a veteran. I had the privilege of writing a paragraph in Wardrop's book. Poor Edwards was killed pig-sticking a few years later when he rashly went out with an unhealed collar-bone and met a charging boar.



Beauchamp Again in "The Tatler"

Antony Beauchamp will be remembered by most readers of *The Tatler*. He originated the idea of combining drawing and photography in one picture, and his work appeared in this journal just before the war. Since then he has travelled far in every sense of the word. He was first appointed official war artist to the Indian Army and spent the last four years making films on the Burmese and Italian fronts.

Beauchamp filmed the Arakan, Imphal and Kohima battles, which were incorporated in the film *Burma Victory*. The end of the war found him filming the Gothic Line battles in Italy and the civil war in Greece, including the famous skirmish outside the Grande Bretagne Hotel in Athens. Now at twenty-seven Antony Beauchamp is returning to *The Tatler* with a series of frontispieces, the first of which appears next week.





### Staff Officers of No. 226 Group, R.A.F., South-East Asia Air Forces

Front row: W/Cdrs. R. W. Clark, H. T. Morgan, W. Walster, E. O. Budd, G/Capt. R. G. Stone, A/Cdr. W. L. Freebody, C.B.E., A.F.C., G/Capt. M. V. Delap, D.F.C., G/Capt. A. Selby, W/Cdrs. V. G. Macario, R. E. Wilson and W. J. H. Lindley. Second row: W/O. W. H. Dunne, S/Ldrs. G. Edwards, D.F.C., A. G. Tringham, R. W. Searles, R. A. Foster, D. S. Coe, R. E. Percival, G. G. Milner, P. A. Mason, J. G. Bewley, B. H. Miles, W. C. M. Johnston, D.F.C., and W/O. K. J. Luton. Third row: F/Lts. E. A. Hare, W. J. Mason, C. A. Wesson, H. K. Jones, R. F. H. Jordan, R. Burgess, J. Simmons, E. L. Lingard, N. W. Johns, F. W. Nicholson, K. Greet, E. Weekley and B. Piercy. Fourth row: F/Lts. E. E. Lloyd, W. E. Marrian, H. E. Ewen, W. G. Spencer, E. Brown, W. E. Postlethwaite, A. C. Snowball, H. Glenn, S. J. Madle, F/O. R. L. James, F/Lt. L. F. Crawley and F/Lt. L. Coulthard. Back row: P/O. R. C. Bateson, F/Os. H. J. Bignmore, D. R. Spilsbury, H. C. A. Gable, A. J. Puddick, K. N. Brown, J. S. Samson, W. W. Clubbe, B. Hartness, P. Gerrard and T. Kitching.

## With the Services



### Notts. Sherwood Rangers Yeomanry

Front row: Majors F. R. Warwick, M.C., J. K. J. Holman, M.C., B. J. Ringrose, D.S.O., T.D., Lt.-Col. S. D. Christopherson, D.S.O., M.C., Major R. Sutton-Nelthorpe, M.B.E., Major I. S. McKay, M.C., Capt. C. F. Young, M.C., R.A.M.C. Centre row: Capt. N. Fearn, R. Langford, S. F. Hills, M.C., R. C. Marshall, G. S. T. Leinster, M. B. V. Riviere, E. W. Phillips, J. F. McWilliam, C. W. Bridgeford, G. L. Walker, P. E. Kent and D. S. Markin. Back row: Lts. R. C. Holman, M.C., W. R. Scott, R. W. Harrison, J. R. Cartwright, P. D. J. Mellowes, M.C., D. G. Cameron, R. G. Usher, F. C. L. Reader, J. A. Jacob, W. Olphert



### The G.O.C. Scottish Command and His Staff Officers

Lt.-Col. L. Whitbread, O.B.E., Lt.-Col. N. S. Hart, O.B.E., Major-Gen. N. McMickling, D.S.O., O.B.E., M.C., Lt.-Gen. Sir N. M. Ritchie, K.B.E., C.B., D.S.O., M.C., Brig.-Gen. P. G. E. Whiteford, O.B.E., M.C., Lt.-Col. W. T. Sergeant, Capt. G. V. Bates, M.C.



### Officers of an Anti-Tank Regiment Who Fought with the 5th Indian Division

Front row: Capt. J. Humphriss, Capt. W. E. Baskett, Major J. Kendall, Major D. B. J. McTurk, C.O., Capt. P. Kendall, Major J. W. B. Hext, Capt. L. H. Howe. Back row: Lt. A. Harrison, Rev. W. F. Barry, Capt. G. L. Rutt, R. C. Couch, J. R. Gallant, F. Stockman





A view of the seventh tee, with W. A. F. Macdonald (Oxford), driving, and R. Rutherford (Royal Wimbledon). Rutherford beat Macdonald by 4 and 2

## Royal Wimbledon Golf Club Beat Oxford University Golf Team

● Royal Wimbledon Golf Club beat Oxford University in London recently by  $10\frac{1}{2}$  to  $4\frac{1}{2}$ . Many of the matches were close, and Wimbledon won the foursomes by 4 games to 1 and the singles by 6 games to 3, with one halved



G. Phillips (Oxford), driving, and F. S. Gentle (Royal Wimbledon), who lost to Phillips by 5 and 3



H. E. Webb (Oxford), who won his match by two holes from A. N. Harper (Royal Wimbledon)



J. M. Connell (Oxford), who was beaten by Bridgeland (Royal Wimbledon) by 5 and 4



G. C. Weston, of the Oxford team, played Hughes (Royal Wimbledon) and was beaten by 4 and 3



Hurst (Oxford) beat Hill (Royal Wimbledon) by 4 and 2



## CARAVAN CAUSERIE

By Richard King

WHEN Sinatra arrives I, for one, shall look forward to a nice long swoon!

What with U.N.O. struggling through a series of Cæsarian operations, a further spate of undetected crime, more and more food restrictions, gales, shipwrecks, plane and railway disasters, earthquakes, influenza, strikes, deaths on the road—the whole awful pudding flavoured ominously by revolutionary Socialistic upheavals (as if the world were not sufficiently awry as it is!)—we start the day with a feeling that, if not all is lost, what remains to us will probably be pinched. And with only the departure, seasickness and arrival of G.I. Brides, in whom nobody has the least interest, to cheer us on to reading the second page! Not a gleam of sunshine anywhere, if it isn't in the weather report.

No wonder brewery shares are soaring; the "Dogs" booming; the trashiest films have their million addicts, and *Forever Amber* is taken as a sedative!

No wonder a Government has to spend over £100,000 to ask us why we don't have more children! One cannot live on a possible banana or a probable orange—alone. Is it surprising, therefore, that the face of Britain is changing?—the operative word being "face." No wonder love-songs are invariably so full of melancholy yearning that love might be a chronic illness rather than a passing ecstasy!

The front page of any newspaper these days is just so many columns of world-woe. And to think that in the old days happy news was considered to have no news-value at all! Therefore we have come to a pretty pass, haven't we, when just 1 per cent. more pork in a lb. of sausages would be *news* indeed! In fact, if only somewhere in the world something were going right, one would feel inclined recklessly to open the last packet of dried eggs—and celebrate.

And to think that many of us can remember living through the days when an extra candle on a church altar divided the whole neighbourhood into two convulsions! And when the income-tax reached half-a-crown most people considered that the world might as well come to an end as carry on. How true it is, therefore, that if we have to make our own happiness, we are certainly adept at making our own miseries.

The final verdict on a happy life is to consider the kind of worries the deceased always made such a fuss about. Happy, therefore, must have been the days when simply the exhibition of a slightly undressed lady strapped to a horse was regarded as one of the moral outrages of the day, and filled columns in the newspapers. I would dearly like a Victorian to be resurrected long enough to read one of our own current news-sheets! It might possibly convince him that modern progress had brought his children's children into something like hell. And if a wave of stern reason and common sense is not to go hand in hand with still more such progress, it may be that these children's children will live out their lives with the whole of one eye and part of the other fixed fearfully on atomic bombs.

Then, perhaps, these days in which we now exist will look as if we were living in a little bit of heaven. So, maybe, in a really Atomic Age all this unrest everywhere, these disasters, these crimes, these strikes, mud-slinging and murders will one day assume the trivial importance of the hubbub which used to accompany whatever Mr. Gladstone said. All the same, it will be pleasant when Sinatra begins to sing to go into a nice long, refreshing swoon. I only hope he sings at the Albert Hall, where the echo will give us twice as much of him, and thus the swoon will be twice as profound.

## ELIZABETH BOWEN

reviewing

## BOOKS

### Epping

FOR William Addison's *Epping Forest* (Dent; 12s. 6d.), I, personally, have been waiting a long time. By this I do not mean that I have the pleasure of Mr. Addison's acquaintance; or that I knew he had such a book on hand. But that a book about Epping should be written I have ardently wished. I have loved the Forest without knowing its past—but that past is palpable: it is to be felt at every turn of a track, in every clearing and glade, in every dip and hollow, at the crest of every ridge. And what a past! I had no idea of its richness, its dimensions, its diversity, till I read Mr. Addison's *Epping Forest*. This is not only a book about Epping; it is—where I am concerned—the ideal book.

I have been surprised, and taken aback, by finding my feeling for Epping regarded, in some quarters, as a whim. Is it? Apparently few Londoners, other than those resident in the East End, now go there. I must say that my own knowledge of—or rather, up-to-now ignorant love for—Epping dates from that early phase of the war when cars were still on the road, when one's petrol ration was limited but could be spent as one liked, and when, if one were a Londoner, the only and obvious country to explore was that in the neighbourhood of London. We are, roughly, now in a corresponding phase; and I would suggest that *Epping Forest* is well worth a gallon. Once there, one abandons the car and walks—in the strongest shoes. Mr. Addison, possibly, does not enough stress the remarkable sucking-power of Epping mud. Different points in the Forest area may, also, be come at by train or bus.

### London's Fontainebleau

THE Forest, as it is to be found at present, is "placed" in the author's Topographical Note—which, with two maps, one modern and one seventeenth-century, and a pleasant sequence of photographs and reproductions of old prints, ends the book.

Paris has her Forest of Fontainebleau, with the palace of Louis XIV., Napoleon and Louis Philippe at the heart of it; London's once-famous forest is now a narrow stretch of waste measuring less than six thousand acres, with sprawling boroughs of Greater London on its southern borders. Its former glory has passed from it; its area is only one-tenth of what it was when its boundaries were set by the Long Parliament, soon after the death of Charles I. Yet what remains is a beautiful piece of natural woodland, much of which has never been enclosed or cultivated, extending nearly twelve miles between Forest Gate on the south and Thornwood on the north, with the Lea on the west and the Roding on the east.

A forest, Mr. Addison reminds us, was not all woodland: in Edward the Confessor's grant of lands to the monastery of Waltham, which included the forest manors of Woodford and Loughton, "fields, feedings, meadows, woods and waters," were mentioned. The diversities of Epping are striking: dreamlike, rather than unpleasing, are the roads of small modern villas, backing on dusky thickets, along its London fringe. And a large villa, come upon suddenly—complete with garage, pergola, tennis-court—in what had seemed a deserted reach of the forest, seems to belong in a Hans Andersen fairy-tale. The proximity of London, certainly, adds something to the air—in winter, brown gauze hangs between the trees and adds mystery to the rolling distances. At night, from Epping hilltops, you see the London lights—and during raids, I imagine, the scarlet of London's burning must have reflected itself weirdly on silver birch trunks and lonely pools.

Nearness to London has been, in fact, all along a principal factor in Epping's history.

With time, the city grew larger, the forest smaller—Barking, Ilford and West Ham are, for instance, engulfed forest villages; and Plaistow, now not notable for its charm, was small, secluded, respectable, gaining a touch of Regency dashingness from the house and racing stables of the Duke of Cumberland.

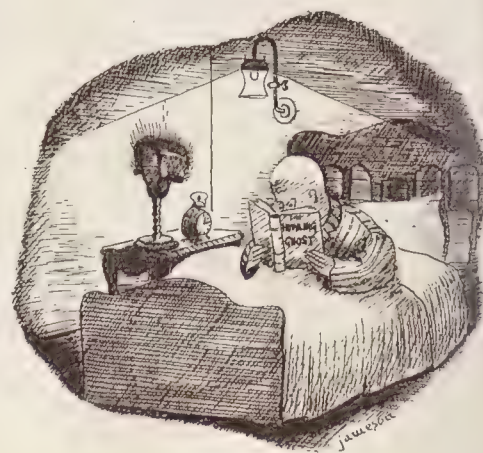
### Kings and Poets

THE Regency comes, however, late in the Epping story. I must make clear that *Epping Forest* is in no sense a guide-book; it is a history. Or should I say a tapestry?—in which, against a background of trees, the figures of many centuries interwind. Henry VIII. hunted over the very ground the young Alfred Tennyson strode across in his darker moods. Elizabethans and Quakers, gypsies and generals, rakes and philosophers, bishops and highway men, poor, tormented, half-mad John Clare and the serene Miss Taylor, who wrote "Twinkle, twinkle little star"—incredibly unlike types and characters appear in these pages, having two things in common: the Epping association and the mark these people left on the outside world.

Mr. Addison's range of reading must be immense: with "the greatest of ease" he swings from period to period, from group to group of people. He is rich in anecdote, and has an incisive pen. One is grateful for his introduction to a number of fascinating and hitherto little-known characters—such, for instance, as that sporting prioress, Juliana Berners, of Berners Roothing; who, "beautiful, scholarly and expert in manly exercises," published a book on hawk-hunting in 1481. Stag-hunting was, of course, the great Forest sport: royal hunting-lodges still survive. Some, though, alas, not all, of the forest-embraced great houses, with their histories of conversation, revelry and love, have survived also. Ancient and many, the churches are full of monuments. . . . I could ramble to and fro through Mr. Addison's treasure-house indefinitely; and I must resist the temptation to quote *ad lib*. I can only say that I recommend *Epping Forest*, even to those unlikely ever to go there, as a fine piece of "regional" literature. Also, as an all-round book on a forest—trees and bird life have not been overlooked.

### The Impossible

"THE AFRICAN QUEEN," by C. S. Forester, was first published in 1935—in that year, the novel attracted the eye of discerning critics; but to the general public Mr. Forester's name did not mean as much as it does now. A really original novelist does not, in most cases, immediately come into his own: his reputation tends to be cumulative. (There *have*, of course,





been cases of spectacular success with a first novel; but in the long-term sense this is often not a happy thing for the author, who cannot but feel a diminuendo during the remainder of his career.) Mr. Forester from the first has had steady readers: he really "arrived," I suppose, with his brilliant wartime novel *The Ship*. The book-famine has made it impossible for readers to follow the normal course with regard to a writer met, for the first time, when fairly far on in his career—I mean, to obtain and read his earlier works. This is tough on all parties. *The African Queen*—which is, by some (with every deference to *The Ship*), considered Mr. Forester's finest novel yet—has been out of print for a long time. Messrs. Michael Joseph's republication of *The African Queen* (at 7s. 6d.) is a first-rate idea.

This novel has two characters only; and these two accomplish the impossible. The scene is German Central Africa, the time 1914. The *African Queen* is a steam launch; and Rose Saver, the missionary's sister, and Allnutt, a Cockney engineer formerly employed by a Belgian firm, take her down the (officially) unnavigable Ulanga River, with the object of torpedoing the German police steamer that patrols, and commands, Lake Wittelsbach. A wild-cat scheme: a woman's—it is, of course, Rose's. At the start, this oddly-assorted couple have envisaged nothing more than a get-away. Nothing now ties Rose to the mission station; in which Allnutt, himself on the run already, has found her absolutely alone. Rose's missionary brother, the austere Samuel, has just died of fever; shortly before that, the German General von Hanneken has swept down on the station and removed all the natives to serve his military ends.

#### Comrades

ONLY the pressure of emergency could have thrown this woman and man together. Rose is a great, prim, blonde, handsome spinster of thirty-three, encased in propriety and prejudice, by ten years of absolute solitude with her brother. The Sayers' attitude to Allnutt has, up to now, been one of unqualified disapproval. And not without reason—Allnutt, when first met, is a far-from-fine little specimen of British manhood. Call him a weedy little drifter, with an unpromising future and drab past. Allnutt's outlook is unheroic—but Rose's not. Her discovery of eight boxes of blasting gelatine on the launch fire her with the idea of free-lance British action against the enemy. Home-made torpedoes, the *Könige Luise* rammed—what could be simpler?

Abject, protesting, sulky, insufficiently fortified by constant recourse to the launch's gin supply, Allnutt finally yields to the suction of Rose's will. Technically, her idea is preposterous—but, gradually, its sublime madness infects him. And, there is another factor: it is not for me to say by what means Rose makes a man of Allnutt. We watch their initial bristling hostility warm into comradeship; then, that comradeship soars on to the plane of as noble and strange a passion as has been recorded in fiction yet.

*The African Queen*, as a novel, comes into the Conrad class: it shows the Conradian fusion of action and personality. The heat, the scenery, the movement, the tension, the bouts of fever make an extraordinary impact. This is an exciting and splendid book.

#### New Note

"GREEN DECEMBER FILLS THE GRAVEYARD," by Maureen Sarsfield (Pilot Press; 8s. 6d.), strikes a new note, as a detective-story. The plot, the purist might complain, is somewhat dilatory and amateurish; and I scented, if I did not actually spot, the actual villain quite early on. It is in the characters, and their pleasantly incalculable behaviour, that Miss Sarsfield departs from tradition: this story contains hardly one "type"; and any situation that could be stereotyped always takes an unexpected twist. We have an enchanting heroine-suspect, a super-cad policeman, and a doctor who—dreadfully hurrying from post mortem to post mortem as the murders multiply—is not incapable of romantic feeling. Also, we have an unvarnished, and I fear realistic, picture of immediately post-war country society.



● **Mrs. Frieda Lawrence**, widow of D. H. Lawrence, has lived on her Taos ranch in New Mexico ever since her husband died in Italy in 1930.

Lawrence first went with his wife to Taos in 1922 in an attempt to improve his health, but the altitude, 8,000 ft., proved too much for him, and though he wrote *The Plumed Serpent* and his short story *The Woman Who Rode Away* while there, they did not settle.

They went back to Taos several times before he died, and the Hon. Dorothy Brett, who lived with them on the ranch in 1925, is there to-day, living among the large colony of American painters among the mountains.

At sixty-five, Frieda Lawrence still has artists and writers and painters for company. She collects birds and Mexican furniture, goes to parties given by and for artists, and paints pictures in-between times.





**Ross—Vlasto**  
Lt. Donald John Ross, Scots Guards, only son of the late Mr. Andrew Ross and of Mrs. M. Ross, formerly of Woking, Surrey, married Miss Valerie Anne Doreen Vlasto, daughter of Mr. J. A. Vlasto, of Hurst, Berks., and of the late Mrs. Doreen Vlasto



**Rosoman—Stevens**  
Sub-Lt. Charles R. Rosoman, R.N., son of Capt. and Mrs. R. R. Rosoman, of Silverlands, Hordle, Hants., married Miss Pauline Mary Stevens, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Stevens, of Campden Hill Road, W.8. at Holy Trinity, Brompton.



**Loyd—Keppel**  
Capt. E. C. Loyd, Coldstream Guards, eldest son of Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. W. Loyd, of Shamley Green, Surrey, married Miss June Keppel, eldest daughter of the late Lt.-Col. A. Keppel and of Mrs. Keppel, of Campden Hill Square, W.

## GETTING MARRIED

The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review of Weddings



**Le Cocq—May**  
1st/O. Ivo Eugene Le Cocq, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Le Cocq, of Lympstone, Devon, formerly of Calcutta, married Miss Margaret Murray May, eldest daughter of the late Mr. Donald May and of Mrs. May, of Exmouth, Devon



**Beatty—Bragg**  
Cdr. Earl Beatty, R.N., of Astor Park, Banbury, married Mrs. Dorothy Rita Bragg, quietly, at Caxton Hall Register Office



**Chidson—Sampson**  
Capt. Donald M. G. Chidson, M.C., R.T.R., only son of Lt.-Col. M. R. Chidson, of Dolphin Square, S.W., and Mrs. M. R. Chidson, of Fitzjames Ave., W., married Miss Barbara Sampson, daughter of the late Mr. J. J. Sampson and of Mrs. Sampson, of Dolphin Square, S.W.



# Haig

NO FINER WHISKY

GOES INTO ANY BOTTLE



Freedom!

in a

**WINDAK**

The very thing for golfing, fishing, walking, cycling (or just pottering). The Windak 'golfer' is a civilian version of the official Airborne Smock and is made of the same Windak gaberdine, rain-repellent, windproof, lightweight and, of course, tough-wearing. In brilliant peacetime colours—green, scarlet, brown, maroon, royal blue and fawn. Price 107/3d. There's also a lady's model at 75/-. Please write for name of nearest stockist to the address below.

Wear a



FOR SPORT AND  
ALL OUTDOOR WEAR

★ Have you seen the Windak electrically heated Foot Muff and Gloves for the car?  
Windak Ltd., Poynton, Cheshire.

*Chosen for Dependability  
by Ford Motor Company Ltd.*

**BEFORE THE WAR**



**DURING THE WAR...**



**... AND AFTER ...**



Since 1911 exhaustive tests by Ford have always proved that Champion Plugs are best suited to their requirements—for engine efficiency, petrol economy, absolute dependability. So—follow Ford example. Always use Champion.

**CHAMPION  
PLUGS**

*The choice of the British Motor Industry*



CHAMPION SPARKING PLUG COMPANY LIMITED, FELTHAM, MIDDXX.





THE TWO-PIECE is by Wolsey, made in colours taken from the Bayeux Tapestry. It has been designed with particular attention to stitching detail; the dress has a becoming roll collar, short sleeves and two inverted pleats in the skirt front. The jacket is man tailored. Approximate selling price is £11 6s. 5d. Harrods

## Jean Lorimer's Page ONE TWO-PIECE, THREE HATS



BEIGE FELT is trimmed with navy wool cord and pompons. It has been created specially for the new hour-glass silhouette. This and the other two hats on this page are by Aage Thaarup  
THREE TIERS found inspiration in the fashions of 1910. Made of red felt and trimmed with pink velvet ribbon, the brim widens at the sides, narrowing fore and aft

STRAW AND DAFFODILS again emphasise the horizontal line, with extreme width at sides. A mass of daffodils and veiling tied in a big bow under the chin accentuate the period influence





Full Size  
Specialities  
Shop  
Third Floor

**Swan & Edgar**  
Piccadilly Circus

This classic cut-tailor-made suit is designed, cut and tailored to give emphasis to the smartness of the

### Fuller Figure

In grey chalk stripe suiting—the new long jacket—skirt with inverted pleats back and front. Hip size 46, 48, 50.

**£5 . 15 . 10**

Also the same model in plain suiting in black, navy, grey and brown. Hip size 46, 48, 50.

**£5 . 4 . 3**

Swan & Edgar Ltd., Piccadilly Circus, W.1

Regent 1616

### PERSIAN LAMB

The finest and best of the "lamb," quite inimitably characterised by its close, tight, bright, lustrous silky curl.

We have a beautiful range of models in our collection and a wide choice of other superb examples of the art and craft of the furrier.

Furs remodelled to our exclusive designs. Estimates free upon request

**National  
FUR COMPANY  
LTD.**

Fur Specialists since 1878  
191-195 BROMPTON RD.,  
LONDON S.W.3.

★ Stockings by Wolsey



★ Starred for sheerness

**Wolsey**



# BUBBLE & SQUEAK

## Stories from Everywhere

NEEDING a new secretary, the firm's president decided to have applicants judged by a psychologist. Three girls were interviewed together.

"What do two and two make?" the psychologist asked the first.

"Four," was the prompt answer.

To the same question the second girl replied: "It might be 22."

The third girl answered: "It might be 22 and it might be four."

When the girls had left the room, the psychologist turned triumphantly to the president. "There," he said, "that's what psychology does. The first girl said the obvious thing. The second smelled a rat. The third was going to have it both ways. Now, which girl will you have?"

The president did not hesitate. "I'll have the blonde with the blue eyes," he said.

A NAVY physician on a battleship in the Pacific recently received from his fiancée a snapshot taken on a beach and showing two couples smiling contentedly while his girl sat alone at one side, forlorn and lonely. The accompanying letter explained that this was how she was fretting away the time until he returned. At first the physician was delighted, displaying it proudly to several fellow officers. That night, however, after studying it a long time in silence, he turned to his room-mate. "John," he said, "I wonder who took that picture?"

Two men were discussing their respective ministers, and one expressed displeasure with his.

"Our minister," he said, "suffers from foot and mouth disease."

"And what kind of affliction is that in a man?" asked his friend.

"He won't visit and he can't preach."



"I don't care what the women did when you were in Persia, I'm not coming running every time you clap your hands"

A "sing-song" was in progress in the canteen and volunteer artistes were called for.

A brawny Scot rose to his feet, and the Cockney comper asked for the title of his song.

"Wae's Me for Prince Charlie," replied the singer.

The Cockney scratched his head, and then made a bold shot at it.

"Private MacDonald will naow sing, 'Where's Me Fourpence, Charlie!'"

CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY: This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions: That it shall not, without the written consent of the publishers first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price of 1/6, and, that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorized cover by way of Trade; or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

It happened in a small night club in the States. A customer sat at a table, listening to the newly hired orchestra play some popular numbers.

Right behind the cornet player was a strange sight. There stood a bushy-haired chap, who was engaged in keeping time with the music by pounding his chest with both hands.

The curious customer called over a waiter. He pointed to the chap who was beating his chest. "Who is that guy?" he inquired. "And why does he do that?"

The waiter looked.

"Oh, him," he murmured. "Why, that's the drummer in the band. He was out of work so long that he had to hock his drums!"

"What about a drink?" asked Green.

"I don't drink," said Brown.

Green held out his cigarette case. "Cigarette?" he asked.

"I don't smoke," replied Brown.

"H'm. D'you ever have headaches?"

Brown looked surprised. "Yes, sometimes," he agreed.

"Thought so," returned Green. "Your halo's too tight."

A SAILOR in the South Pacific wrote a friendly letter to a girl back home. She answered in a more-than-friendly manner. When he reciprocated warmly, a succession of increasing passionate love letters ensued, culminating with the girl penning a missive of such high temperature that she thought surely her South Pacific Romeo would be unable to outdo it. Inflammable was even stamped in red ink on the envelope. A few weeks later she received an answer—an envelope containing mere ashes.

BETTY's mother had caught a cold and as a precautionary measure had resorted to that old-fashioned remedy—a glass of hot whisky-and-water.

A little later, Betty, aged five, was ready for bed. As she kissed her mother a look of reproach crept into her eyes.

"Mummy," she said solemnly, "you been using daddy's scent!"



Jewels  
of  
Fashion

by

THE GOLDSMITHS &  
SILVERSMITHS COMPANY LTD  
112 REGENT STREET, LONDON · W·1  
ONLY ONE ADDRESS TELEPHONE: REGENT 3021



The  
'hand in  
stocking'  
is just  
another way of saying

Aristoc

FULL FASHIONED STOCKINGS







*The discriminating  
Women's  
choice . . .*



**Tango**  
*Quality*  
**HEADWEAR**



*Obtainable from leading milliners*

37/38 Margaret Street,  
Cavendish Square,  
London, W.1

**Baroque**  
LTD.

Established 25 Years.

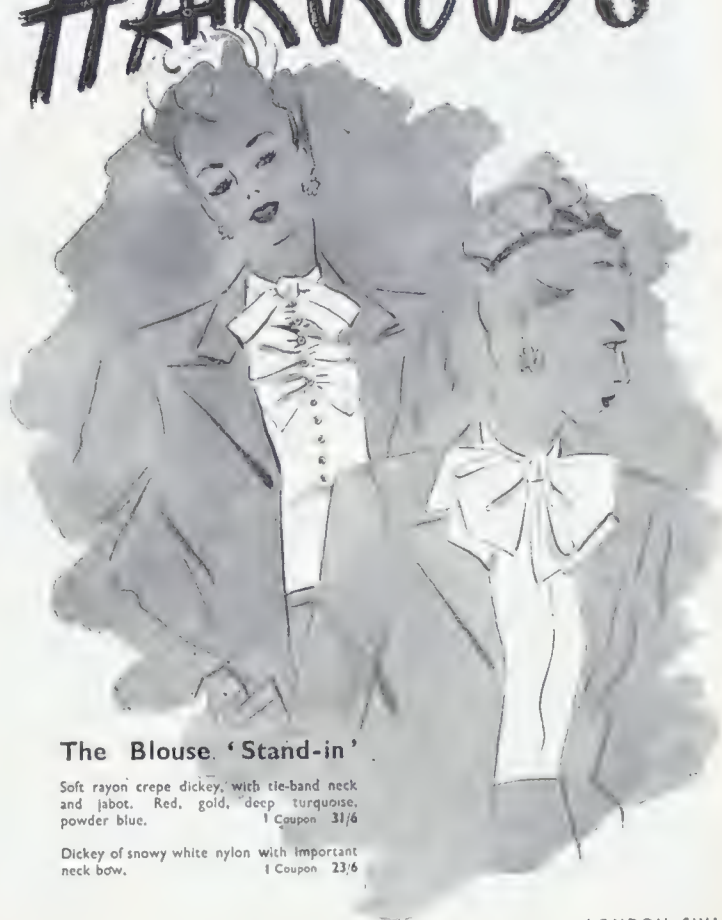
*The Bride who wears  
a **BAROQUE GOWN**  
"walks in BEAUTY."*

And at:—  
Barclays Bank Chambers,  
St. Giles' Square,  
Northampton.

*Wholesale and Export Only.*



**HARRODS**



**The Blouse. 'Stand-in'**

Soft rayon crepe dickey, with tie-band neck  
and jabot. Red, gold, deep turquoise,  
powder blue. 1 Coupon 31/6

Dickey of snowy white nylon with important  
neck bow. 1 Coupon 23/6

HARRODS LTD

LONDON SW1



ESTABLISHED OVER 150 YEARS

## REAL HARRIS TWEEDS AND HOMESPUNS

HANDWOVEN BY THE  
CROFTERS IN THE  
ISLE OF HARRIS

Direct deliveries of these attractive and hard-wearing materials now in stock; suitable for making up into coats, skirts, costumes, etc.

ANY LENGTH CUT

Patterns on Request. Postage 6d.

PLEASE DO NOT APPLY UNLESS  
COUPONS ARE AVAILABLE

ROMANES & PATERSON  
62 PRINCES STREET  
EDINBURGH 2

Telephone : 21017-8

ALSO AT BOSTON, MASS., U.S.A.



## HOWARDS' ASPIRIN

Does not SMASH  
your ailments

It very, very gently

SOOTHES  
RELIEVES and  
ENDS

many a trouble

HOWARDS & SONS LTD.

(Est. 1797)

ILFORD

## AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

### Paper God

THE faith which metropolitan man places in bits of paper is shown by the way he clings to identity cards and by the way he multiplies licences. The new civil aircrew licences are certainly more numerous than they used to be, and so they will minister to that feeling of security which a stamped and signed piece of paper gives to the Englishman of today.

There are to be four pilots' licences; two glider pilots' licences; two navigators' licences; six radio operators' licences; two flight engineers' licences and two ground engineers' licences. I note with dismay the omission of at least three air hostesses' licences.

Think of the scope for the Civil Servants in devising licences "A," "B," and "C" for air-line hostesses. "A" would clearly be for the virginal new hostess, unused to the ways of travelling bankers, "B" the technically more proficient air hostess, and "C" the licence to correspond to the Master Pilot's Certificate, though it would be tactless to transfer to it a similar title.

### Foreign Ways

ONE of the most popular jokes among the English used to be concerned with the foreigner's faith in heavily stamped, franked and signed documents. The stories are legion about people who obtained entry to private enclosures at race meetings; to heavily guarded government offices and the like by presenting, with an assured air, some "official" looking document having nothing whatever to do with the case.

Always these stories have been told with a faintly patronizing inflection, to show that although the foreigner is readily taken in by stamps and seals, the true Briton is not so foolish.

That time is no longer with us. No one today has a real existence unless he holds an identity card. His identity card is his identity. Without it he is a ghostly figment.

Magistrates and others express occasionally their horrified astonishment at those few tramps and hermits who are suddenly discovered living in the enormity of not having an identity card or ration books. And in aviation it will be said as dogmatically that one who does not hold a pilot's licence is not a pilot.

Further it will be held that a person who holds a "B" licence is incapable of flying on the air lines because the air-line licence is the "C." It is all rather silly. No air-line company worth anything places reliance in a man because he holds a licence. They place reliance in him because they know him and know his work.

### Athodyds for All

I NOTICED when I was listening to Dr. S. G. Hooker's absorbingly interesting papers on jet propulsion at the Royal Society of Arts, that he referred to a thing with the delightful name of an "athodyd."

I gathered that an athodyd is one stage simpler than the impulse duct engine used by the Germans in their flying bombs, and hitherto believed to be the simplest prime mover ever made.

The impulse duct engine, let me remind those who have already forgotten their flying bombs, had no rotating parts. In that respect it was, I think, unique at the time it was used.

But now the athodyd comes along and not only has no rotating parts but, I gather, also eliminates the shutter arrangement in front of the German impulse duct engine. In fact it is a sort of straight-through jet unit of ultra-simple type, and the name is somehow derived from the words "aero thermal dynamic duct." If you can work out how they did it, you will be entitled to contribute an article to the Oxford Dictionary.

The interest in the athodyd is that it may be possible to use it for providing simple, cheap and lightweight power for a glider. It could be used to convert a glider into an ultra-lightweight aeroplane. I believe an athodyd about a yard long and a foot wide would be adequate. It is an interesting speculation.

### Speeds

ONE more cautionary reminder is needed about the speeds that the American P-80 jet aircraft has been doing. The average of 640 miles an hour for over 100 miles is a higher speed than the world speed record, held by Britain with 606 miles an hour.

But the world speed record is immeasurably the greater technical achievement. In the first place the speed is accurately measured in the official record runs, and in the second place it is the speed of the aircraft and not of the aircraft plus the wind.

Average speeds from point to point do not give a true picture of the aircraft's capabilities. If there were a sufficiently strong gale blowing you could go fast from point to point in a Swordfish. Then again there is the matter of height. If you can choose your height you may be able to make use of winds of exceptional strength.

All this is most interesting from the general aeronautical point of view, but it must not be confused with the highly scientific process of setting a world record under the rules of the F.A.I.



Marriage of Sir Arthur Street's  
Daughter

Miss Nancy Denise Street, daughter of Sir Arthur and Lady Street, was married at St. Margaret's, Westminster, to Flight Lieutenant Norman Dennis Sinclair, D.F.C. Pipers of the R.A.F. Station, Halton, were in attendance

THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER,  
FEBRUARY 20, 1946

You cannot do better  
than order your —

## MATERNITY

DRESS  
SUIT  
JUMPER  
SKIRT  
OR COAT  
FROM

**DuBarry**  
(Maternity Wear) Ltd.

68, DUKE STREET, GROSVENOR SQ. W.I.  
PHONE: MAYFAIR 0118

Actual makers of DuBarry gowns  
Unobtainable elsewhere

APPLY FOR ILLUSTRATED BROCHURE  
LOANED FREE ON REQUEST

3  
YOU KNOW!

Oatine Beauty Creams are still available. And, because they're pre-war quality, they'll last a long time if you use them carefully. Never trust your skin to the unknown!

Oatine Cream 2/8d and 1/5, 3/1d including  
Oatine Vanishing Snow 2/2d } purchase  
Oatine Powder Base 2/7d } Tax

**OATINE**  
BEAUTY CREAMS

Hurrah!  
**BERMALINE**  
BREAD  
is worth  
going for

Good, pure, delicious food. A treat to eat and easily digested.

Baked by good Bakers' everywhere.

Enquiries to:  
MONTGOMERIE & CO. LTD. - IBROX - GLASGOW.





for Golf, Tennis  
and all Sports  
Equipment

PICCADILLY CIRCUS

*A Note of  
Distinction*

This coat, ideal for  
Country or Town, is  
representative of a  
stock of women's  
attractive Tailor-  
mades, ready to wear.

From £19.19.0

**MOSS  
BROS**  
& CO LTD

COVENT GARDEN

Corner of King St. and Bedford St., W.C.2

TEMple Bar 4477 (12 lines)

Also at Manchester, Bristol, Portsmouth,  
Camberley and Bournemouth



Absolutely unretouched photograph of the  
same eyes before and after treatment.

## OVER AND UNDER THE EYES REJUVENATED

Eyes set in loose wrinkled skin tell of  
age, worry, misfortune and ill-health.  
This imperfection of the skin destroys  
the natural expression of even the  
brightest eyes.

The Hystogen method corrects pain-  
lessly and permanently all facial im-  
perfections, and saves the face from  
premature decay. The Hystogen  
method, invented and practised by a  
Swiss specialist with 35 years' experi-  
ence, is the scientific and genuine  
method of improving the face. 15,000  
men and women have already benefited  
by this miraculous method, without  
the aid of which many would have to  
retire from active life. Literature 2/6

Consultation with specialist fixed by letter only.

HYSTOGEN (Est. 1911), 30 Old Quebec St., London, W.1



58,000  
children  
already  
received

One two. Buckle my shoe. three four. KNOCK at the DOOR

We can open the door to home and happi-  
ness for hundreds of suffering children  
if only **YOU** will help.

GIFTS gratefully received by the Secretary, W. R. Vaughan, O.B.E., Church of  
England WAIFS & STRAYS SOCIETY, OLD TOWN HALL, KENNINGTON, S.E.11

Over  
5,000  
now in  
our care

**Pagatelle**  
MAYFAIR'S LOVELIEST RESTAURANT  
LUNCHEON • DINNERS • SUPPERS  
DANCING 8 p.m. to 1.30 a.m.  
FLOOR SHOW • CABARET 11 p.m.  
**Edmundo Ros and his Rumba Band**  
**Al Tabor and his Dance Orchestra**  
DEVONSHIRE HOUSE • MAYFAIR PLACE  
BERKELEY ST. W.1 • Tel. GRO. 1128/9, 1268, 3268

(Gen. Mngr. F. Ferraro)



**THEN...**  
**and NOW-**

• There was a time when the full beauty of  
Tetley SENATOR Pure Coffee was enjoyed only  
by those who could buy it freshly roasted and  
ground. But modern air-tight packing now  
preserves the full flavour and delicate aroma  
for the benefit of all. Buy a tin to-day



**Tetley** 1837 **'SENATOR'** PURE COFFEE  
JOSEPH TETLEY & CO. LTD., LONDON AND NEW YORK





SAUCES  
MADE FOR  
THE  
CONNOISSEUR

by  
*Escoffier*

SAUCE ROBERT  
SAUCE DIABLE

... and with the fruits of Peace  
Sauce Melba—which made Pêche  
Melba famous.

ESCOFFIER LTD., 2a, HARDERS ROAD  
LONDON, S.E.15



Wetherdair have always cease-  
lessly gone ahead with the pro-  
duction of ever better weather-  
coats for ladies and gentlemen.  
War's end will see this policy  
'stepped up' until no better  
rainwear is anywhere obtainable

WET...  
WETHER...  
WETHERDAIR

WETHERDAIR LTD • BRADFORD & LONDON

*... to pass freely without  
let or hindrance ...*

So runs the Request of the British Passport, that essential document for all who travel beyond Britain's shores, sailing the seven seas in course of trade. Now that the ways of commerce are reopening, merchants, traders and manufacturers are journeying far afield to restore and enlarge the exports of this country. So also go the bankers, preparing the way for the great expansion in overseas business which must be achieved if our standard of living is to be upheld.

The Midland Bank, with a foreign business second to none, has already sent missions to various countries—and more are on the way. At the Overseas Branch in London and the Foreign Branches in several provincial centres a fund of up-to-date information is available, while through many thousands of banking agents in all parts of the world international transactions of every kind can be arranged.

All concerned in business with other countries are invited to make use of the Bank's overseas service. The Manager of any one of more than 1800 branches will welcome the opportunity of discussing problems relating to foreign trade.

MIDLAND BANK LIMITED

## IF YOUR TRAIN IS LATE OR CROWDED

it is probably due to

### SHORTAGE OF TRAINED STAFF

- Nearly 100,000 skilled railwaymen—a sixth of the whole staff—have still to be demobilised

### INFERIOR COAL

- Like the housewife, the Railways are obliged to use coal of inferior quality during the national fuel shortage

### SHORTAGE OF CARRIAGES

- 3,500 carriages, with their 180,000 seats, are away every day for repair

### SHORTAGE OF LOCOMOTIVES

- Over 3,000 locomotives, overworked during six years of war service, are awaiting or undergoing repair every day

TO RESTORE  
PRE-WAR STANDARDS  
WILL TAKE TIME

GWR • LMS • LNER • SR

*Cow & Gate  
of course!*



Ready  
for  
Anything

He is the centre of attraction  
wherever he goes.

His clear skin, bright eyes,  
and his happy smile are a  
joy to all.

His mother made the wise  
choice of feeding him on  
Cow & Gate.

© 3688

**COW & GATE** MILK  
*"Babies Love it!"* FOOD



## COMPRESSED TABLETS

Simple remedies for the home  
medicine chest or the latest and  
most potent drugs prescribed by  
the physician—all based on  
the manufacturing experience  
of three generations

THOMAS KERFOOT & Co., Ltd.  
Vale of Bardsley • Lancashire

KG26



*If you have any*  
**VAPEX**

please make it last. If care-  
fully used, a little goes a long  
way. After use the stopper  
should be tightly closed to  
avoid evaporation. Production  
will be resumed as soon as  
conditions permit

VAPEX... for Colds

A Drop on your Handkerchief

THOMAS KERFOOT & CO. LTD.  
Vale of Bardsley, Lancs., England



"Hey-day"  
By  
joyce

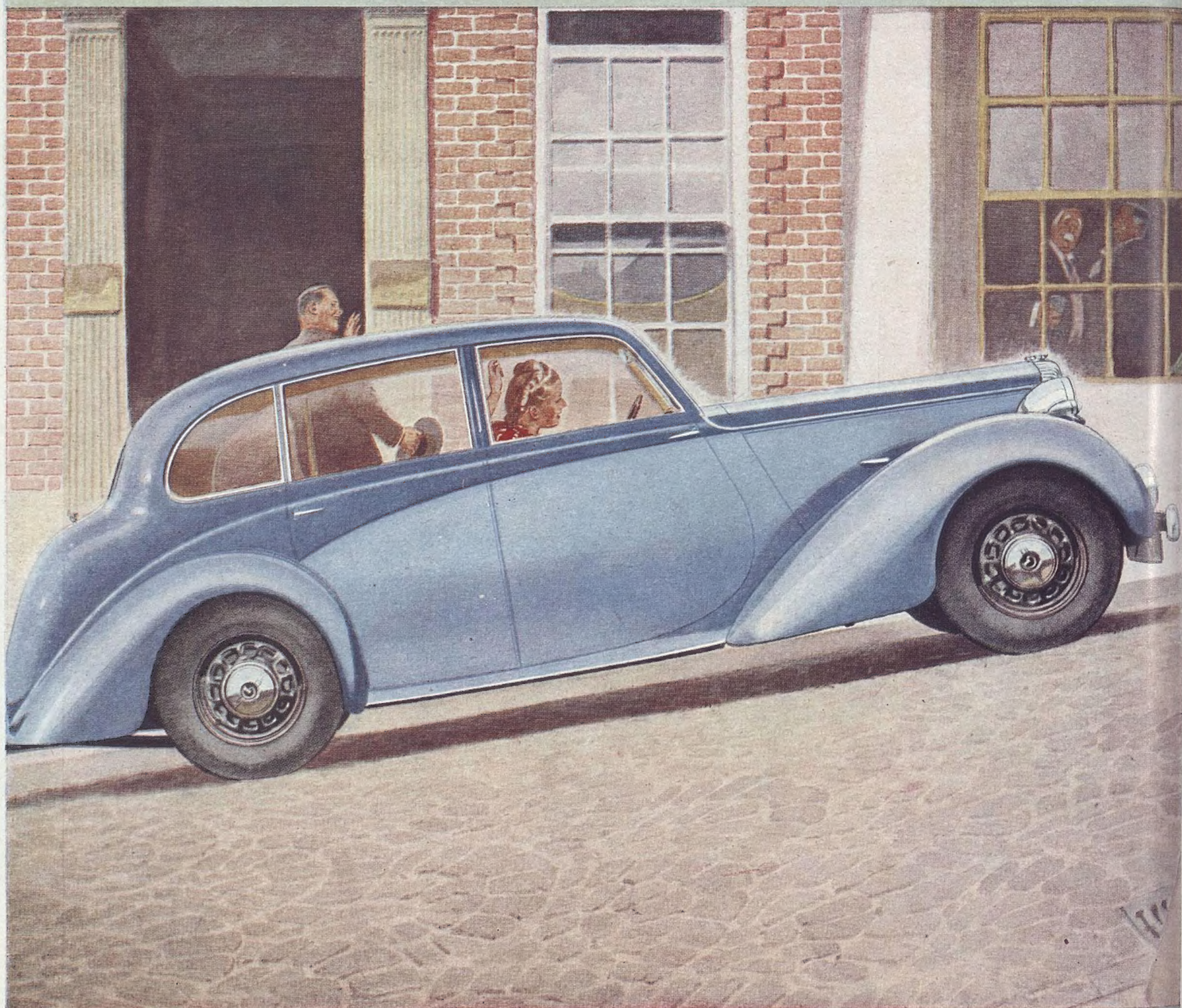
Derry & Toms  
Kensington W



## The New 2½-litre Daimler

FOR EXACTLY FIFTY YEARS Daimler's have been famous for the creation of cars which, from the very first, have made motoring history. Now this latest newcomer—the 2½ litre—carries Daimler reputation higher still. It has a

performance so brilliant, a degree of comfort so luxurious, that it positively outshines all its predecessors. Beautifully built, beautifully finished, the new 2½ litre is the finest model ever to bear the Daimler name.



### Facts and Features

High-compression 6-cylinder engine giving 25% improved petrol consumption—capable of cruising speed of 70 m.p.h.—Daimler patent independent front-wheel suspension—Daimler Fluid Transmission and 4-speed pre-selector gearbox—new slim-pillared bodywork giving extra visibility and increased room for passengers and luggage.

THE DAIMLER COMPANY LIMITED • LONDON AND COVENTRY



BY APPOINTMENT  
MOTOR CAR  
MANUFACTURERS

**Daimler**